

A LADDER SERIES



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The 'Ladder' is made up of vocabularies of 1 000 words and up, with a number of books at each level, thus forming a ladder to English understanding while making available the same books Americans are reading.

This book has been prepared on the 4,000-word vocabulary level. But because the subject of the book requires certain special words, some words in the book are beyond this level. The reader will find such words printed in *italics* and explained in the back of the book.

This is a shorter and more simply written edition than the complete book, which the publisher hopes the reader will want to read and enjoy as his English ability increases through the Ladder Series.

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A GOONIA FELLOWSHIP
(Simplified Student Edition)

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Chapter I

MY EARLIEST CHILDHOOD

I

My mother was my first and always my best teacher. I say this not with the sentiment of *Mother's Day*, nor with the awe of King Solomon when he praises an honest woman but simply as a fact. My mother was 'a born teacher'. Her experience had been brief—two terms in a Maine country school 1882, where at sixteen she taught for five dollars a week, and one year in a Maine Academy teaching Latin. She married at eighteen—at twenty-two she had borne three children, and as she had five more children in the years following she found ample scope for her teaching talents.

Our small Maine village of Blue Hill was at the head of Blue Hill Bay—between two great arms of the Atlantic Ocean—Penobscot Bay and Frenchman's Bay. It was like many another coast village at the end of the nineteenth century. Once famous for its ships and trade, now it was little known, and only a few families of the thousand persons in the village still had money from the shipping trade. There were the usual pro-

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essions: a doctor, a dentist, two ministers, one lawyer (who was my father) and the teacher of the Academy. There were the usual trades and shops, and the usual fishermen, some adventuring far, most dropping their lines in nearer, more quiet waters. There were the farmers, whose few hard acres lay hardly a mile from the center of the village or on the high land surrounding it. By a stream that ran into the harbor,

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wood for the stores.

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The nearest bank was four-

hour journey by horse and

entry. Those who kept hens

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by local taxes, just like the village school, a two room structure for the primary (lower) and grammar (upper) classes. For lack of money, this village school in my childhood was open only twenty-five weeks during the year, and from late January until early April we had the Long Vacation.

The two teachers in the village had studied at a Teachers' College in a neighboring town about sixteen miles away and I am sure that they taught me a great deal. I will know the boundaries of the State of Idaho, and the location of the Falls of Nyanza, and I can analyze the first twenty lines of the poem "Paradise Lost." I find myself on lonely walks still reciting poems; in fact with only a little help I can recite the three hundred pages of our fifth grade reader, since I had learned to read early, and for eight pleasant years the school could not buy me a new text. I learned to appreciate the sounds of words when I repeat properly the names of the counties of the State of Maine, they sound to me full of the dignity and music of Milton's fallen angels or of Agamemnon's troops before the walls of Troy.

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Because I enjoy useful and unusual knowledge, and because I believe that memory is an important skill, I shall always be grateful for what the village school taught me. In an age which doubts the value of fear, I am grateful for the fears which my teachers gave me: the fear to do careless, disordered work, the fear to be lazy and to be and to fear to fail and to be ashamed.

Of course, my village teachers did not make me

aware of the drama in knowledge. At a wage of seven dollars a week, in return for which one taught fifty children, drama, perhaps, was too much to expect. There was plenty of drama in the school itself in the daily spelling classes, in the frequent punishments, in competing for prizes in selecting every week the colored picture cards given as reward for the perfect performance of duties. But the drama that seemed so obvious in the incidents of history in Antony's speech over Caesar's dead body and in Plato's description of the death of Socrates, both of which were selections in our School Reader, or the drama hidden in the morning prayer, was not so evident in school. That I learned it home from the teaching of my mother.

In her instruction she understood the first principle of all successful teaching that in order to interest others in anything one must be oneself consumed with interest. My mother's energy brought to life all people, events, and places in books. She touched them with magic, and when with her fine memory and pleasant voice she recited the poems in my Reader the dull reading we gave them at school seemed an insult to both poet and poem.

In our Maine kitchen we were always reciting something. One poem had the right rhythm for Saturday morning butter making, another for cutting the brown dough for cakes, and during a heavy snow, I still think of God as a shelter from the stormy blast just as my mother's voice recited the words during a Maine

winter. Whether in the kitchen, or in the orchard, or in the dining room, most of what I know about teaching has come from her.

My mother's imagination cast gleams of light upon the worn pages of our school spelling book. The charm and magic of certain words became clear.

"Multitude," said my mother. "Now that's a big, splendid word. See how big it sounds. Get your Bibles and we'll find it. 'And seeing the multitudes,' great crowds, remember, 'he went up into a mountain.' Look at the word and see all the people crowding about. Now I'll find even a better place. Listen carefully now 'After this a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kinds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palm leaves in their hands.' That's a beautiful verse, and you should learn it. You see, in the first verse, the people are all crowding around in multitudes. They don't know quite what they are there for, so they are just multitudes. But in the second, even though they are of all different nations and kinds and tongues, they all know they are there to praise God, so they are just one multitude in white robes with palm leaves in their hands."

Like all good teachers, my mother never let her interest in our studies and reading decrease; it was steady and unvaried. She liked to perform and act. Unlike the average or ordinary teacher, a good one likes to put on a show, and is not afraid of losing his

aware of the drama in knowledge. At a wage of seven dollars a week, in return for which one taught fifty children, drama, perhaps, was too much to expect. There was plenty of drama in the school itself: in the daily spelling classes, in the frequent punishments, in competing for prizes, in selecting every week the colored picture cards given as reward for the perfect performance of duties. But the drama that seemed so obvious in the incidents of history, in Antony's speech over Caesar's dead body and in Plato's description of the death of Socrates, both of which were selections in our School Reader, or the drama hidden in the morning prayer, was not so evident in school. That I learned at home from the teaching of my mother.

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MY EARLIEST CHILDHOOD

stone walls. On Saturday evenings we acted out historical incidents so that our parents, our grandmother, and the "buried girl" could guess what books our scenes were from.

2

My father respected discipline and detail, and thus he helped to complete the teachings of my mother. As the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, so the fear of my father was the beginning, middle, and end of our years at school. We did not dare to fail in our lessons. The disgrace at school was as nothing compared to the scorn and anger awaiting us at home.

I know my father was too stern, because he lost much of our confidence and some of our affection by continually insisting upon excellence and order. He hated disorder in any form—in untidy appearance, an untidy room, an untidy mind. But though all his teaching seemed to be for the future rather than for the present, we learned from him at least one principle which in school and home to-day is too seldom instilled upon us: that the harder a task, the more satisfaction in its accomplishment.

His method of teaching was endless repetition, his insistence upon and certain possession of facts. Privately, it is true, I would not admit it even to my sisters, I should call him one of those terrifying tyrants in the novels of Charles Dickens, who made good children cruelly unhappy. Yet with all his relentless drill work, he always saw that an act or deed, an original mean-

dignity. He is not making a show of himself; but when he teaches Euclid or Shakespeare or Plato, he shares their ideas, and wants to reveal them with all their life and power. Then the teacher, the subject, and the students become one, not three things, just as in a theater the audience becomes for two hours the actors and the playwright. A teacher cannot be successful if he lacks the best qualities of the actor.

My mother reading from the "Tales from Shakespeare" could, by her voice and quick glances, arouse hatred, inspire love, stir questions, and excite reverence. She could create for us a world so real, that the familiar objects of our bedrooms looked strange when we had climbed unreal stairs to bed to dream of Shylock or of Ophelia with her scattered flowers.

While we were still young children, when the book described some wicked behavior or ugly appearance my mother would pass it from one of us to another, so that we might act out a little ceremony. We struck the page which told of the evil thing; and the mighty blows we delivered upon some of Charles Dickens' books made us feel that we had helped our good friends Oliver Twist and David Copperfield, and punished their hard-hearted enemies.

Like all good teachers, my mother encouraged us to make up new plays and games out of our lessons and books; she knew we would remember them best in that way. We learned fractions from cutting pies and apples, and measurements from ascertaining the square or cubic feet of our flower-beds, wood piles, and

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His method of teaching was endless repetition, his motto: order and certain possession of facts. Privately, though I would not admit it even to my sisters, I thought of him as one of those terrifying tyrants in the novels of Charles Dickens, who made good children cruelly unhappy. Yet with all his relentless drill work, he always saw that an act or deed, an original mean-

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I know my father was too stern, because he lost much of our confidence and some of our affection by consistently writing upon excellence and order. He hated disorder in any form—an untidy appearance, an untidy room, an untidy mind. But though all his teaching aimed to be for the future rather than for the present we learned from him at least one principle which in schools and homes today is too seldom noted, to wit: that the harder a task, the more satisfaction in its accomplishment.

If a new kind of teaching was endless repetition, but of the sure and certain possession of facts. Privately, I think I would not admit it even to my sisters, I thought of him as one of those terrifying tyrants in the novel of Charles Dickens, who made good children cruelly unhappy. Yet with all his relentless drill work, he always saw that an act or deed, an original mean-

ing, gave life to the fact. He constructed a game of dates on cards, which we played with him in the evenings. Stern as he was, he seldom withheld just commendation, and a word of praise from him was long cherished.

Though, as I learned later, he disliked numbers, he drilled us in arithmetic, to add, multiply, divide and subtract, his eyes darting around our frightened circle. I still associate a certain peculiar ache with these painful sessions: the Number Nine ache I call it, because that was the number that was most difficult.

My father believed in the dignity and necessity of manual labor. He himself, on days when he was not sitting as court Judge, or attending sessions of the legislature, milked his cows, groomed his horses, and cleaned the stable, which was always spotless. Each member of the family, boys and girls alike, learned to feed the horses, bed them down, clean, harness, and to drive them singly and as a team. We led the cows, raised vegetables, weeded, cultivated, and gathered the crop from our apple orchard with grim regularity.

Manual labor is good and decent, my father felt, and it straightens out one's thoughts. I have often found that a confused head, or tangled emotions, or a broken heart may be cured or soothed by scrubbing a floor, or by washing and ironing clothes.

My father had a passion, too, for memorizing poetry and prose, and while doing so demanded the same from us. He could memorize endless consecutive lines of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," pages from Burke and

MY EARLIEST CHILDHOOD

Macaulay, and most of the Bible. He read to himself all the night and was usually reciting when he descended to breakfast. When we heard Greek poetry, we expected calmness and cooperation, but if he recited the Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln we made our presence as obscure as possible. He always corrected us when we recited, and demanded perfection as we well knew for the sake of the poem which he loved.

His memory and his power of observation were extraordinary. He kept demanding clear and accurate replies to detailed questions: what designs were on either side of various coins; how a cow lay down, or the appearance of a tree or flower seed. As I grew older I realized that he was so exact because he knew and loved nature, but a walk with him required an ability it seems, and hearing that was almost painful. His imagination was more comprehensive, less artificial than my mother's, and because of him no common nature could ever be dull to me; no country wall unexciting.

Once at ten years old when I had gone to bed fearing that some misbehavior of mine might be disclosed my father woke me at midnight. I was paralyzed with fright and stumbled down the stairs to join the family in the field.

It was 11 August, one of those nights of sudden storms when the Maine coast is accustomed in summer, and the Northern Lights were streaming from the horizon to fill the sky with sudden flame.

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Once at ten years old when I had gone to bed, fearing that some misbehavior of mine might be disclosed, my father woke me at midnight, I was paralyzed with fright and tumbled down the stairs to join the lambs in the field.

It was in August, one of those nights of sudden frost to which the Maine coast is accustomed in late summer, and the *Northern Lights* were streaming from the horizon to fill the sky with sudden flames.

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strand, but I loved the gales of laughter in which I shamelessly indulged. The story teller always led her nearest friend with her knitting needle, which not only claimed her attention, but denoted a common bond as well. My grandmother used to warn us as we neared home that it would be better not to repeat certain things they had said, and I was proud of their confidence, and guarded it.

During those afternoons in the houses built by men who had sailed the oceans, I met a few of the remaining sea-captains. They, too, seemed not to belong to the quiet, enclosed village life. But it was the wives and women whom I loved and admired most. By going to sea they had managed to become free. Because they had known Fear itself, they could not worry over small cares. Bewildered by strange faiths in strange countries, they had long ago ceased to look upon the New England Congregational Church as the one way to God. They had played too many games with Death to cherish sure and certain notions as to the best means of dealing with life.

In gratitude for what they taught me long ago in their homes that faced the sea, I tried to write of their finer, larger ways of life and thought in my books, 'Mary Priests' and 'Dallas Crockett.'

When I was thirteen years old I entered the Academy at Blue Hill, one of the early and excellent secondary schools of New England. Besides local taxes, it had

as spoken as we stood there in the cold field. My father for once neither commented nor explained. My mother, I remember, I of her long dressing gown around my shoulders, stared together at the brilliant, moving

minutes of complete silence my father led us to bed. His one comment then was

it, he said.

3

For an elderly woman whom I knew as I spent much of their lives at sea with I knew they were different from any I knew and their gifts to me deserve tribute. They added light and color to my school. And through my grandmother I myself spent ten years at sea, I found pleasure from observing how different their ways of thought and behavior were from those of our world. My grandmother at home, her talking and knitting with her, as two entirely different persons. I drove her out to make her I found and there I entered a new world of strange memories of I exchanged stories of doings in, the part of which I often failed to

school students and college freshmen criticize
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Let a teacher lives in the memories of dozens
 of at Blue Hill. Few students at any time
 had such a grounding in Latin grammar, yet
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 we began writing in Latin letters and stories of
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 tered the Seven Hills of Rome from papier-mâché
 made a Roman house with a main room and a
 set of columns complete in cardboard and with
 its couches and lamps. We enacted Roman wed-
 dings and wrote savings for Roman tombs.
 What a party we gave for my Latin teacher when
 she left Blue Hill. It was a Roman dinner, with Latin
 menus, Roman dresses, togas (loose robes), and Roman
 art dressing. We had couches on which to lie to eat.
 Live servants properly attired from family linen
 cloths served us. The best of us wrote poems of praise,
 sad and later ill for her whom we adored, to be
 recited between courses.

This gift will be praised as a "project" by some
 modern head. But it was simply the natural result
 of good teaching by a young woman with charm,
 a genuine friendliness and common sense, who
 proved that Latin is alive and awake when it is prop-
 erly taught.

Both the instructor of Greek and my father, who

an income from a decent fortune of its own left to by wealthy persons. Its excellent teachers had good classical training and we learned history, English and a little chemistry, besides Latin, Greek and mathematics, which practically everyone studied.

Today, the 'educators' in teacher training colleges are doubtful of drill work in any subject. They claim that the classic subjects are useless, because they are not sufficiently related to modern living. But their opposition to Latin and Greek, I believe, occurs because they do not believe in teaching by drill and in which those languages require. They want learning to be any sort to be attractive and even tempting.

In well ordered New England families children were rarely tempted by their parents to do anything. They did what they were required to do, and for me my mother's love of Latin and my father's pleasure in reciting Greek were the only temptations offered me.

Forty years ago there was a more basic respect for work than there is now and to decent people that respect was immeasurably deepened and strengthened if the work presented unusual difficulties. Today easy roads and short cuts to physical and mental accomplishments have tended to lessen that love for hard work which teachers and parents instilled into their children and students. Our Academy teachers had to teach Latin and Greek forms by unrelenting drill, but behind their insistence upon perfection lay a zeal and pride in their teaching. Others must have been less fortunate than I in their Classics teachers.

High school students and college freshmen criticize Latin studies most often, they must have had a and uninspiring teaching

My Latin teacher lives in the memories of dozens of people on Blue Hill. Few students at any time had such a grounding in Latin grammar, yet drill was anything but dull. Once we had mastered the fundamentals beyond the possibility of error, we began writing in Latin letters and stories of Roman periods we had learned about, and even recited the Seven Hills of Rome from paper mache. We made a Roman house with a main room and a large of columns complete in cardboard and with tables, couches and lamps. We enacted Roman weddings, and wrote sayings for Roman tombs.

What a party we gave for my Latin teacher when she left Blue Hill. It was a Roman dinner with Latin menus, Roman dresses (some robes) and Roman hair dressing. We had couches on which to lie to eat while servants properly attired from family linen closets served us. The best of us wrote poems of praise, bid and farewell for her whom we admired, to be recited between courses.

This party would be praised as a perfect by some modern schools. For it was simply the natural result of good teaching by a young woman with charm, imagination, friendliness and common sense, who proved that Latin is alive and awake when it is properly taught.

Both the instructor of Greek and my father, who

were my teachers of the subject, said little about the power and simplicity, the directness naturalness which set the Greek poetry into a place of respect. The instructor read the lines of Homer to us; my father recited the "Iliad" as he descended the stairs. Both revealed to me a common passion for the subject.

I still remember a snowy afternoon, when our instructor translated that farewell of Hector to his loved one before his fatal battle with Achilles. I would have forgotten both the words and the incident; as our teacher closed the book and sent us home, we saw that he had tears in his eyes.

The memory of such teachers never fades nor their gratitude toward them ever lessen. Thirty years after their patient teaching, as I stood among purple flowers at the home of a Latin poet in Italy, it was Florence. Rafter I remembered along with the poet, Catullus. And as I picked flowers blowing among the stones of an ancient theatre of Greece, I thought of William Brackett and how because of him I should forever live in a land of plenty.

Chapter II

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN TEACHING

I

About twelve miles from Blue Hill was Buck's Harbor a coast village of fishermen small tradespeople, farmers and sailors. Their families, about twenty of them were large and almost all related to each other, very few of their children went to any school beyond their little rural classes and those few went to our Blue Hill Academy.

I had been a year at the University of Maine, and I had been happy in my Greek and Latin studies, but in college mathematics I considered my record disgraceful. In the spring of my second year my father decided that I needed to get down to the realities of life for he believed that teaching in a country school could strengthen our own knowledge and make us mature by giving us responsibilities. My sister had taught before she went to college and in my father's fixed and sturdy mind, it was time now for me to begin.

Thus in the spring of 1906, on a cold foggy morn-

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP

were my teachers of the subject, said little *du* about the power and simplicity, the directness naturalness which set the Greek poetry into a plain respect. The instructor read the lines of Homer, us, my father recited the "Iliad" as he descended stairs. Both revealed to me a common passion for the subject.

I still remember a snowy afternoon, when our instructor translated that farewell of Hector to his loved before his fatal battle with Achilles. I we have forgotten both the words and the incident, as our teacher closed the book and sent us home, saw that he had tears in his eyes.

The memory of such teachers never fades nor does gratitude toward them ever lessen. Thirty years after their patient teaching, as I stood among purple flowers at the home of a Latin poet in Italy, it was Florentine Raster I remembered along with the poet, Catullus. And as I picked flowers blowing among the stones of an ancient theatre of Greece, I thought of John Brackett and how because of him I should forever live in a land of plenty.

Chapter II.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN TEACHING

I

About twelve miles from Blue Hill was Buck's Harbor, a coast village of fishermen, small tradespeople, farmers and sailors. Their families, about twenty of them, were large, and almost all related to each other; very few of their children went to any school beyond their little rural classes and those few went to our Blue Hill Academy.

I had been a year at the University of Maine, and had been happy in my Greek and Latin studies; but in college mathematics I considered my record disgraceful. In the spring of my second year, my father decided that I needed to get down to the realities of life for he believed that teaching in a country school could strengthen our own knowledge and make us mature by giving us responsibilities. My sister had taught before she went to college, and in my father's fixed and sturdy mind, it was time now for me to begin.

Thus in the spring of 1906, on a cold foggy morn-

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN TEACHING

afraid It was a late spring, and many older boys who might have been at sea remained at school, apparently to learn, but actually to discover of what stuff a new teacher was made. Had my father been made of more flexible stuff, I should gladly have fled for my life, but I knew I should find only disappointment and contempt awaiting me there.

My teaching began, then, with a pretence at courage. I normed up and down the narrow aisles of the classroom waving the razor strop expressing anger, disgust, scorn, and fury. And the young giants, who could easily have driven me away by a similar show of temper, showed only respectful fear and moved no further to rebellion. Though my knees shook, I had no more trouble from discipline for eleven weeks.

Perhaps, today, the people are growing gentler, and even the smallest communities have other interests than the arrival of a new teacher. If district schools were not disappearing fast teachers of the new education might find it hard to govern a class by their more modern methods. I know one young teacher who has the greatest respect for the American flag and not only for patriotic reasons. When her class gets too unruly, she tells me, she stops the disturbance and regains attention by calling for a sudden salute to the flag.

There was no American flag at Butk's Harbor, 1906, and the words of our American salute had not yet been written. But when I look at a razor strop, I now see in that ugly object a symbol of my freedom.

be fitted. It was a late spring, and many older boys who might have been at sea remained at school, apparently to learn, but actually to discover of what stuff the new teacher was made. Had my father been made of more flexible stuff, I should gladly have fled for justice, but I knew I should find only disappointment and contempt awaiting me there.

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Lord's Prayer and the Bible reading had to be added, so that our well regulated machine could run from nine a.m. until four p.m. Such a systematic program was too unyielding, I was, to be good for the children. But it was the best thing that could have happened to me. I had been lazy and absent minded, and two years at college had made me worse. Now, when it was dangerous to let one's head for a second, and the minutes raced through questions and answers, there was no time for self pity. For eleven weeks the hard necessity of Buck's Harbor school held me. When they were over, I was a different person.

3

The wide lovely sweep of sea and islands which was the schoolhouse's view of Penobscot Bay, I hardly had time to observe. Poor students and papers kept me at my desk until supper time. Neither could I show great happiness at the wonderful meals Mrs. Billings gave me for two and a half dollars in her house below the boat hill. For breakfast, dinner or supper (it made no difference) she prepared pork chops, fried potatoes, hot bread, cake, apple pie and cheese in abundance. Later in spring, as the roads improved and my father allowed our pony and cart to stay in Mrs. Billings' barn to drive me home for weekends, an invisible Mr. Billings led the pony, too, for the same two and a half dollars. And in the Billings' front chamber, with its huge leather bed and with its Bible scenes in colors

from terror and disgrace, and of the inspirational vision which resulted in my choice of a profes-

The school at Buck's Harbor demanded mental more than mere knowledge. I of all ages from five to sixteen, ages and progress, I found myself a day to teach. From nine a fifteen minutes for recess in afternoon, and with time for the bench before my desk, I was left for each class. I found I could hear five recitations while other pupils were arithmetic at the blackboard. One was on the behavior of the studying at their seats, another the blackboards in the hope I be asked for, a third listened reading of those on the bench and reading finished by the. We had four classes in geography until noon. Grammar classes in afternoon so that by two history, which we all liked closed the day for everyone. impossible. There was no there were no books. Even

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN TEACHING

Mr. Swenson's "Treasure Island" and other stories. The boys had few books, and such stories as these were new to them. Occasionally I see some of them now, but not there as sailors on summer boats, or as farmers at a country fair, three of them have become teachers.

As I think I must have regarded teaching as a new and as a respectable way of earning a living. On June Saturday when I locked my schoolhouse door, I completely forgot to collect my wages, and returned empty handed. My father thought it an honorable neglect, thus disregard of one hundred and one dollars, and he sent me back that afternoon to receive it. Only upon my return, when I told him I wished to teach three more terms of school before I went to college, did he seem a little less scornful.

4

West Brooksville, on the Bagaduce, a pleasant tidal town, had once been important in the sea trade, and was a village far superior to Bucks Harbor. It had a grammar and a lower school. The tower, which I taught for eleven dollars a week comprised fifty children from five to eleven years old, in the lower room of a fine building set among rural fields. The upper room above us was for the seventh and eighth grades.

My children there were more of a unit, and came from families of much wider experience, most of them planned to go to the Academy at Blue Hill or to the High School at Castine. These were fine people, and in

and from the start. She maintained that apples were the cure for all sorts of human ills, including bad temper. She ate apples throughout the evening, eating them loudly and with great enjoyment, and, while she read Dickens, whom she balanced on her knees below her knitting. Dickens gave her physical as well as mental exercise. He amused and delighted her so that her ample shoulders and bosom heaved and pulsed about with her mouth which she kindly, though reflectively, tried to control in fear of disturbing me, as I studied my lessons at the opposite side of her table. When he could contain her enthusiasm no longer she read me bits of whatever novel she was reading and we both agreed over another apple spree that no one had ever lived or written like him.

Every morning she handed me a large lunch in a small red pail and said goodbye as though she would be glad to see me back again and as I took the short cut between the trees of her pasture I always felt grateful that I had her to come back to.

In winter as heavy snow made the way to school impassable, Mrs. Blodgett brought me to the spacious house of Mrs. Robert Tapley nearer to my school like my grandmother's visiting friends at Blue Hill. Mrs. Tapley had sailed with her late husband to the Far East, and I felt particularly fortunate that she had consented to take me in. She was a beautiful old woman in her late seventies. She read her Bible for hours on end, and had read and thought and seen

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP

my school here no razor strop was needed; it having the best possible time.

In September, the village experienced an epidemic of whooping cough; but since all children everywhere, the school board saw no good reason seemed over, not to open school in the fall. As all country mothers know, whooping cough continues from September as long as it lasts.

That year came early; the cold weather began in late November. I was breaking a pitcher to wash in the morning and a teeth of a piercing wind to prepare my night stove for the moment when my cold came whooping in. From germs or I caught whooping-cough again, and until late February we punctuated our sitting with loud coughing. A rural school if not generous in its offerings West Brookville were familiar a century as ship captains and were known as the best of men and pupils bore the name of the noblest of the Tapleys, below the schoolhouse, and it was I thought like Mrs. Billings, in I thought like Mrs. Billings, in not so fascinated by the mere living alone, but we got along

very well from the start. She maintained that apples were the cure for all sorts of human ills, including a bad temper. She ate apples throughout the evening, crushing them loudly and with great enjoyment, and, while she ate, she read Dickens, whom she balanced on her knees below her knitting. Dickens gave her physical as well as mental exercise. He amused and delighted her so that her ample shoulders and bosom heaved and pitched about with her mouth which she kindly, though ineffectively, tried to control in fear of disturbing me, as I studied my lessons at the opposite side of her table. When she could contain her enthusiasm no longer, she read me bits of whatever novel she was reading and we both agreed, over another apple apiece, that no one had ever lived or written like him.

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so much, that our righteous little world seemed worth her attention. Hers was a larger, calmer somewhere beyond the nurinances of every day existence.

Harriet, her middle-age daughter, lived with and not only did all the housework, but with her mother's energy played the church organ, enlisted the heady school helped in the post-office, tended the sick, and read for hours. A deeply religious person she would take me driving over the snow in a small old sleigh to visit on sick neighbors or just as she said "to get so we could think straighter."

In the autumn of 1907 my year at West Brooksville had prepared me to get what I wanted from college. I had lived by the clock and could respect time, I had observed the necessary rules to derive some of my own. I had trained my mind to its tasks. I had learned how to study, and to enjoy it. The tyranny of dream and fantasy could be checked. Reading could be understood, and play could begin. With the awakening of a sense of life came a sense of values, my own world for its own sake and the rigor of my new and more experience.

The cozy world has gone never to return. Its water-pipe and fireplace have yielded to more healthy "radiators." Its dinner boxes have surrendered to her hot tea, rich cream milk, and vitamins. Grades, not classes, have led to the larger, centralized Junior High School.

Yet I regard the country school not with sentiment, but with respect, not for its education of children, but

1
12 MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN TEACHING

the stern and able training of its teachers. Buck's
and West Brookville did more for me than
and the graduate school combined; and I shall
more thank them for their tolerance and my father
his unyielding common sense.

Chapter III MORAL IN THE MIDDLE WEST

I

I came to college in 1909. I was more full of respects than girls who are not who want to teach. First, I had in the history, science and art of State Boards inflict today upon the world, I was reasonably sure of a job. The college graduates of this generation are destined for greater success and a more challenging profession than were those

of the past. They are more mature, and more independent than were college students. They are less sentimental, more objective, and better informed upon the subjects which they wish to teach. Their sense of humor is acute, and they are more sure of their individual responsibilities, they are more educated because of the wide

1912 MY FORTUNE IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Freedom of most college courses of study and because of the character and personnel of the best college faculties.

But, unlike me in 1909, prospective teachers today may spend a great part of their last two years of college in Education Courses, preparing them for classroom but not for the English, History, Latin, or other subject which they are to teach. Thus some training is given in the presentation of the subject to classes, and this can raise the average level of teaching in public schools. But I have never discovered students who showed such courses were anything except a waste of time when the teacher understood her subject well. She can herself find suitable common-sense and illustrations to get across what she herself learned. One course I took in Education suffered badly in comparison with those in History, English and Classics, another which offered to teach The Organization and Administration of Rural Schools, taught far less upon this subject than I had learned myself, by organizing and administering my class in Buck's Harbor.

It is desirable for the good of our public schools that we be training in presenting the subject matter better to prospective teachers. But what this should require is training in studying the subjects themselves and not that it should prove so distasteful to those who receive it I have not been able to learn.

In the autumn of 1909 when I hoped to teach at a high school or private school, I had no "Education" courses to offer. Thanks to my father, I had had some

Most of the girls in my class sent their applications for teaching work to an agency in Portland, Maine, or to another agency in Boston. But Professor Caroline Colvin, my college teacher in history, visited in Bice Hall, and impressed my father with her judgment, and it was her belief that I should apply to the agency of Mr. B. F. Clark in—Chicago!

To the average rural New Englander in 1909 the West was unknown territory, and Chicago a city of wickedness. In a small wall cupboard of my mother's bedroom were two forbidden books. One was called "What Young Women Should Know" and the other, "If You Should Come to Chicago." The contents of the first she had disclosed to each of her daughters, when she felt that the worst time had come, during an hour of acute embarrassment to her as well as to us. The contents of the second I had never seen except in hurried forbidden glances until my mother raved the ban upon it in order to convince me that I should stay in Maine.

In heated language this book told of the places of vice in Chicago and the greed of the city, and my mother moved by fear for my future gave me some belief. But as the summer progressed and no jobs came from my numberless applications to Chicago, she breathed easier. Then, one day in August, Mrs. Colvin wrote that she had seen Mr. B. F. Clark, and that if I were allowed to come at once to Chicago, he

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP

forty weeks of "*practice teaching*" under no supervision but my own, if doubtless at some expense to my pupils. Experience in a rural school was wisely counted in those days as valuable, and I was farther ahead for

of it
of Maine during my last two years
d my four terms of rural teaching
to a kind of teaching fellowship;
agricultural students, who came
tracts of Maine to study scientific
or two years. Many of these boys
id all of them were patient and
tempts to teach them a subject
comparatively useless. English
ents of writing, which I taught
very little to my very decent
I wrote their papers on such
izers for certain soils and on
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Destiny.

care. I felt the past was behind me, and only a glorious independence ahead.

To reassure my mother, my history professor had arranged my lodging in Chicago. At LaSalle Street Station there, I was to pin a handkerchief to my coat, and look for an elderly gentleman with a like signal, who would lead me to the Bible Institute, a most safe and serious dwelling. And as the train plunged on through Massachusetts, the lovely Berkshire Hills were just touched with color. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. I could never have believed, then, that I should ultimately make my home among those hills, but if I were to recall one day upon which merely to be alive was enough, out of thousands of rich and abundant days I should name that day in August, thirty years ago when I travelled to Chicago.

4

Ohio, Indiana, Illinois—it was not only the names that seemed beautiful as I woke up before dawn to stare through the window—but the great flat country, with its harvest already cut and its corn stacked golden upon the ground, excited me as we swept toward Chicago. The dirty outskirts of the city and the heavy Western heat still left me with a curiosity and an agitation that were almost painful. There in the station was the elderly gentleman marked with the handkerchief, and I followed him with my suitcase to the elevated railroad, staggering a little. I did not dare trust the

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porter who tried to help me, the face of my guide, though kindly, seemed faintly disapproving.

At supper that evening, after unpacking in my hot and slightly damp room I decided that all the Bible Institute people regularly showed both kindness and faint disapproval. They were also, I thought, suspicious, and intent upon saving souls with a zeal which I found quite unattractive.

The two weeks I spent in the Bible Institute seemed to make it only less pleasant. The dozen eager young women, constantly at prayer or at Bible reading embarrassed me. The chorus of their mealtime hymn,

"Oh, to be nothing nothing!"

repeated three daily aroused me to fear and superstition. It was my ambition to get a job, and become something, not nothing. At the nightly prayer meetings my silence must have betrayed me. It seemed to increase my companions' suspicions. And I felt that their comfortless words were *fit from my own life*. When first I called upon Mr. B. I. Clark, the manager of the teachers' agency I had applied to, he asked me where I lived in Chicago. When I told him, he simply rose from his chair and cried, "My God!"

lived in Chicago. I mounted
 suitcase on my way to see
 ate of nervous excitement,
 "I on the seventh floor that
 men in a dozen different

I SEEK MY FORTUNE IN THE MIDDLE WEST
offices had ever heard of me. At last, still with my
unluggage, I was allowed to see Mr. Clark.

"You have just arrived?" he asked, glancing at my
baggage. He was a small round man, perhaps fifty
years old, with intense blue round eyes and bushy
white hair.

When I explained that my suitcase contained docu-
ments which might interest him, letters of recommen-
dation and paper, he leaned back in his chair and
surbed long and loudly. Next I asked whether he
really thought I might get a position.

"I am sure of it! I could certainly not allow some
school to be deprived of you," he replied with warmth.
At the moment I took this as a compliment and felt
much encouraged, though later I realized that he was
much amused by my enthusiasm and simplicity.

"Let me see," he said. "There may be something
this minute. What about Union City, Iowa? They
want a Latin teacher."

My heart fell as quickly as it had risen.

"I'm afraid I was beyond the Mississippi River,
isn't it?" I said.

Why the Mississippi asked Mr. Clark, fumbling
among other paper on his desk. "It's a nice river. Got
anything against it?"

"No," said I. "It's only that my mother would pre-
fer me not to go beyond the Mississippi unless it's really
necessary."

When Mr. Clark stopped laughing, he assured me
that a position east of the Mississippi River would ap-

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP.
pear before long, and I told him I would come to his
office every day at the same time

b

In our inexperience seems to have become a
rare thing and in consequence a more mellow humor
seems lacking. But my eagerness to enjoy my freedom
led me to a misfortune both terrifying and humorous.

I was in a hurry to re-enter the Bible Institute, to
ride the street car with my suitcase seemed awkward,
I longed to see more of the uproar and excitement of
Chicago, and I did hope to make my next letter home
a dramatic one. Accordingly I determined upon leaving
Mr. Clark's office to walk the long distance home.

The day was warm and I seemed to be the only
person in the street who was not in a hurry. I had
not seen the Chicago River,
and by the dirty river water,

in my upstream toward me
which structure except to
help all in tips under it
he but it flew nearer and
then everyone was hur-
rying. I walked faster but
I felt the water rise into
my shoes. I lingered
for a moment, I realized
that the water was rising
and I was in a use-
less position. Two

of the iron supports met at an angle, and between them I wedged my suitcase, and cast myself upon it to cling to whatever I could.

By this time, however, the men who operated the bridge saw me: there were shouts, more whistles, and on the nearer bank of the river a crowd gathered. The boat backed downstream: the bridge began to descend, and I heard it cling and bump into position. From the nearer pavement two policemen ran forward and lifted me to my feet.

'Young woman,' shouted the bigger of the two, 'are you tired of life?' Just what do you mean by not listening to signal?

In the strange assemblage of men and women around me many of whose faces looked foreign, I saw that the behavior of the bridge seemed normal enough, it was only my actions that were strange. The crowd increased and I wanted to die: but I explained that I had never seen such a bridge: that I did not understand the signal.

The other policeman still held my suitcase. "Will you kindly tell us," he demanded, "who you are, and where on earth you come from?"

I held back my tears to tell my name and my native state, and the crowd howled with unkind amusement; when I had to say where I was staying in the city, the hum was repeated, and then the sight of my tears persuaded the policemen to release me.

A kind-faced woman walked five blocks with me, and insisted upon carrying my suitcase. I could not

A GOODLY FELLOWSHIP

to speak a word, but I felt toward her a gratitude which I have felt toward few persons before or since. Even the Bible Institute looked good to me, as I hurried to burst into tears of utter humiliation upon my miserable bed.

Would Mr Clark hear of it and drop me? I wondered for days. How would my friends take it? I wondered even months later. Perhaps they never really told the story, but their failure to laugh over it yet on had cheered me. I can still see that crowd of people and two huge ships I search somewhere for a link her after many years.

"We were united by fear and prayer circles led by the humble but real meetings in the streets and along the thin stony paths and then in poor meals and in the Hillside mission. When we wanted a whole new world of rural life, I tried to get the following:

"I ended with a kind of upper, so that once the time, I could send for it

from Wisconsin, and never again need to climb the Bible Institute steps.

That night at supper I asked boldly for a second portion of cake. There was a horrified silence. The most serious young woman there offered me her portion which she assured me she did not want and without blushing or objecting I accepted it. For I was leaving this odd house where the desire of everyone was to be nothing and starting on my way where I was to be something at last.

OLD FELLOWSHIP

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in the shadow of the hills. We crossed a stream with willow trees, drove up a steep hill and stopped before a large, grey house the Home Building. Within was a blazing fire and a small table spread for my supper. My guide Uncle Fnos, paused in the doorway with his large white straw hat in his hand and his white head and beard against the light. The "aunts," his sisters he told me, would come home early to see me, and he hoped I would stay at Hillside. And I hoped so too!

2

I was pretending to read when Ellen and Jane Lloyd Jones walked into the living room. They were tall, dignified women, though rather small of frame. Jane's white hair was curly, Ellen's straight and shining. Ellen the older seemed in her early sixties, and Jane three or four years younger. Ellen's eyes were a deep brown. Jane's nearly black. The older sister showed herself less lively than the younger, and more gentle in nature. Alone, she would have seemed as she was, rich in character, but in comparison, she was less startling. Together they gave the warmth and fire, the stability and strength, the soul and spirit which for nearly thirty years sustained the most wholesome and abundant of schools.

As they greeted me, their dignity and gracious presence, their silk gowns, belonged not to the silence of a Wisconsin valley, nor to barns and cattle and black

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the children and to the teachers, and that her sister was Aunt Jennie

3

Hillside Home School was a school, a home, and a farm all in one and the contribution and strength of each element lay in the fact that each was never separated from the other. To use sympathy, understanding, patience, wisdom and humor in teaching was not the discovery of a new method, the progressive method of Mr. John Dewey ten years later. The child as an individual the teachers' efforts to encourage reasonable growth, activity and self-expression were such a old as when Socrates sat down to talk with young Phaedrus about the nature of love and the soul under plane trees by the river Ilissus instead of in an Athenian house of learning. It was in the character and personality of the Lloyd Jones sisters to exercise those qualities and virtues, too rare in any method or theory of teaching. No method or lack of it can ever dim human vision and understanding, nor can all the methods or approaches of the teachers' colleges supply what was left out of certain teacher upon the day they were born.

Hillside was a way of life sound, reasonable, co-operative and enchanting. It was not an experiment needing explanation or defense, and those pretentious terms later popular in teachers' colleges: organization, integration, behavior patterns, units of work, the law of self activity, and the like, were only unfamiliar and

THE HILLSIDE HOME SCHOOL

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THE HILLSIDE HOME SCHOOL

built by Richard Lloyd Jones was for younger girls West Cottage, beneath the shadow of the northern hill behind the school, was for small boys, and nearby was the dormitory for older boys, of high school age. In 1903 this was connected with a beautiful school building of stone designed and erected by Frank Lloyd Wright, the son of Anna Lloyd Jones and a nephew of Ellen and Jane.

Ten years later throughout the Middle West and farther away it was known that this was a place where children were sure to be well and to receive the best of training and a home where under reasonable discipline and supervision both boys and girls might realize the best of which they were capable in physical and mental emotional and spiritual growth

4

Fortune had surely favored me in bringing me to Hillside at this time. Inexperienced as I was in the ways of cities and city people I could learn from other teachers a little of their travels of art of music, of the theatre of the ways of the world. Our interest in country life made a common medium, and much learning was absorbed unconsciously.

The barns and barnyards and all that went on within them the fields and pastures were open to the children at all times. Good humored hired men let the boys care for horses or learn to milk and some children kept ponies of their own. Hardly a boy or girl did not cultivate a garden its seeds bought from

THE HILLSIDE HOME SCHOOL

the horses, to set out right after breakfast and carry us over country roads and over snowy hills to a dinner twenty miles into the country. Hundreds of men and women in farms and offices remember a Hillside winter ride, and puzzle over ways to bring up their children as wholesomely as Hillside brought up hers.

The valley with its clear boundaries and the simplicity and stability of its people made Hillside possible. But it was Ellen and Jane Lloyd Jones, themselves country children who realized the resources for nourishing and culminating the human mind and imagination which such a condition of life may offer. They had all the riches of their own environment, and these riches they gave to every child and to every teacher who came to them.

5

There were few rules at Hillside to seek to cooperate, to avoid giving discomfort or embarrassment, was the silent ruling principle. The dining room held some eight tables each seating ten or twelve. A teacher sat at either end of a table, and along its sides sat boys and girls alternately big and little so that a boy or girl of sixteen or eighteen could note the manners and supply the wants of a child from five to seven. This was always done, though I do not remember anything ever being said about it.

At each meal grace was said. This ceremony was allotted in turn to each table and again in turn to each child, to recite a prayer, a hymn, a Bible verse

however, supply soft soap and kerosene and let me do my best. Soon Janet sat in her room, her head in a Turkish towel, and I taught Shakespeare to an amused class with all the windows open.

That very afternoon three other children itched, though in different places. The news of their rashes I took this time to Uncle Enos, and together we brought a sample child to the doctor in Spring Green, who declared that the rash was common, old-fashioned itch. For this he gave me a generous package of sulphur which I was to mix with lard and rub upon all three patients for three nights. And the remaining children—why, they were to be rubbed with alcohol, as a precaution.

That night, and all week too, eight naked children were to be rubbed before bed. The odors of my cottage kept all visitors away. But there was more. Late on Friday night my small boy cried out that something was biting him. It was

On Saturday morning we burned his mattress, and cleaned his bed. Three plagues in a week! Few well-organized boarding schools today could have endured so much.

Sleep came to me easily at Hillside, the sleep of the weary and curiously contented. On cold nights, when my twelve year old cried out with an ear ache I could heat a raven, stuff it into her ear with a bit of cotton, and in the morning wake up not sure that I had done it.

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ally went to church Sunday morning, most of the children going together to Unity Chapel at eleven o'clock, and some coming beforehand in turns to clean and decorate the place. Aunts, uncles or older children might read or pray or speak a simple, natural extemporaneous word of witness to the silence of the fields whether the words came from the preacher chosen there, or from a famous sermon by Theodore Parker or Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Sabbath evening services were in a great common room of the school designed for family gathering as much as for study. Over a huge fire place there was carved in Welsh "The Truth against the World" and a balcony of brown umbers surrounded this room with words of the prophet Isaiah carved into the wood "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary they shall walk and not faint."

Here too each morning were held our simple religious exercises. We assembled in this room, small children at their benches the older boys and girls at four huge oak tables the teachers facing the school in a long row of chairs. The hall clock struck nine, and complete stillness fell upon us for exactly five minutes. No one not even the smallest moved. We might think anything or nothing during this silence, but the slightest noise on the part of anyone of us merited and received a stern rebuke. After the five long minutes of silence, after the relentless control of

as he lay even to one's toes and fingers, someone
 reading perhaps from the Bible, we said
 either and we went to our day's tasks.
 Its of silence even now that great still
 to many motionless children comes into
 the most abundant gift which Hillide
 is to every one within its encircling hills
 or certain quick and private smiles
 at a spring, meanings between Aunt
 all boys on the long bench Dicky Cole
 bird When the first meadow lark
 the wind with the sudden smile be-
 deepened and made more reverent

7

school a farm and a home, as its
 it had and had responsibility for the
 the district too, the academic
 alive and real What the children
 asks they related to the life they
 companionship which they enjoyed

a few things strictly and rigidly
 He admitted that the life in studies
 and is alive is the life out-
 He was sure why any subject
 followed by curiosity on the part
 is on the part of the student
 is never dull, and that only

all teachers make it so. They were eager for results, which they saw in improved manners and in an awakened sense of responsibility as well as in marks. They were so alive themselves that they found it difficult to tolerate indifference on the part of their teachers. Whatever our heads as well as our hands found to do at Hillside, we did with all our strength—or we did not remain there.

Each child whatever his age, was a person rather than merely a child, with the rights, privileges and prerogatives of his own personality. He was expected to live on decent terms with this large and decent family, since he had learned that his talents, or lack of them were respected and his individual development in and out of school were a matter of interest and concern to us all. If I could be sure that the progress in new schools held the ideals of Hillside, I should do all I could to help them.

The aunts were proud of Hillside's work in college preparation. They had no patience with work half done. They had a way of bursting into stormy Welsh by business or inattention to detail. And their vigor made teachers and students ashamed of inattention and lack of self-discipline.

Both aunts could be severe and show just even-passer's anger. When Aunt Jennie's black eyes flashed and her mouth tightened, the object of her indignation felt consumed with fire. Cruelty to children, or to an maid, infuriated her. Injustice, dishonesty or un-

Chapter I

MRS MOFFAT'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

I

At twenty five years of age, after three years at Hillside I wanted, to continue my studies. I had health and strength to conquer new fields. And as Mrs Moffat's School for Girls was in Chicago, and I could study at the University of Chicago, I arranged to teach for my room and food and five hundred dollars in a huge rambling house set on a spacious Chicago lawn and to begin my graduate work at the University.

A high hedge of flowers kept out some of the city's noise and dirt and protected about sixty lively girls of the best neighborhood families in a hushed atmosphere of erect correct and complacent.

Mrs Abbie Moffat now in her seventies, was the daughter of a Middle Western clergyman who in her words "saw his duty simply and clearly and did it." Moral values at Mrs Moffat's, unlike those at Hillside, were never allowed to remain invisible, and were never taken for granted. The first, the all inclusive

tion by late. She had opened a small school in her home in a neighboring city while her children were still young, and the school in Chicago had been made possible by her success as a teacher.

Having broken a leg some years before, she could use her crutch equally well to walk with, to show displeasure, or to point at any visible disorder or confusion which needed to be set to rights at once. Old-fashioned in dress, she looked impressive with a comb high on her grey hair, long full dress of black satin, with a bit of white lace and a gold pin at the neck.

"Good morning, girls," she said at morning exercises, and as girls and teachers arose and called back, "Good morning, Mrs. Moffat," she listened carefully for any harshness, among the seventy voices, so that she might warn the offender in private against it.

What Mrs. Moffat missed in delicacy of perception she made up for by diligence in business. Her fundamentally unimaginative mind was forever inventing new and necessary duties.

Mrs. Moffat wished to train "Christian gentlemen" — a term which meant to her not so much academic attainment as the ability to establish decent homes and feel a responsibility toward society and toward progress in general. Thus she encouraged the wealthier to give generously to charity, to their own credit and the school's, and added rule upon rule to count our blessings, to note how "the other half" lived, to bring cheer to orphan homes. There was a home for old ladies directly opposite the school,

the head of the coffin. On these occasions her usually fine wit seemed to desert her, for she never saw the slightest thing funny about the funerals. Upon one occasion she wrote verses to an excellent old lady named Carlotta and for her Mrs Moffat recited a poem with great feeling

Farewell to Carlotta

Her life is our motto,

and repeated it with no sense that its rhyme was absurd

2

The subjects I taught in Mrs Moffat's school were nature study, algebra German geography civics and English grammar, to children about thirteen years old with good manners but no great love of learning. We had a cellar room but big and bright, and we grew plants and kept a devolute fish tank there. Skipping quickly from one subject to another was useful training to me, there was little time to prepare lessons.

My skill at the typewriter which I had taught myself was of greater service however. Mrs Moffat had a gong fixed at the entrance to the third floor where I had my room and when this gong sounded between ten and midnight I descended at once to her sitting room to type letters at her dictation. These were addressed with great zeal to the world of art, industry, social betterment and learning. One congratulated President Wilson upon his religion, another praised

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Mrs. Moffat took pleasure in telling people that her youngest teacher was working toward a doctor's degree at the University. She was quite unconscious, I know, of failing in her promise to let me study for a while. Studying was rare at Mrs. Moffat's; we were always so up and doing there. I was shopping for Mrs. Moffat, calling on the sick and aged, managing a funeral, writing letters, taking unwilling girls to the Art Institute or keeping the sleep of the exhausted on the third floor.

Professor Tallent, my teacher of philosophy, conducted my class in mysticism. He guided us to read William James' "The Varieties of Religious Experience" and Rudolph Eucken's "The Life of the Spirit," and I felt both irritation and humor in trying to read them under Mrs. Moffat's roof. If humor is caused by the sudden meeting of two worlds, Mrs. Moffat's School for Girls certainly offered many excellent examples. Mrs. Moffat knew exactly what she wanted in this world, the prices to be paid, the rewards which followed good deeds, so she knew precisely what she expected of the next world. I should hate to think that if the next world is not run along the same lines as here, all her careful preparations, her weighing and measuring for whatever judgment God awaited her, have been for nothing. She always hated to be taken unawares, and surprises of any nature were distasteful to her.

the writer, Mr. John Galsworthy, for writing a tale we had read, another rebuked a soap company, as we detected a vulgar scent in one of its products. We wrote to tradesmen, mayors, clergymen and rabbis, to poets, actors, college presidents, and physicians. We wrote to the poet, Mr. A. E. Housman, to say that we recited his poem in chorus every spring, and to Mr. H. C. Wells to put some questions to him which he had not answered. Mr. Thomas Hardy was requested to present a brighter point of view to worldliness as seen in his novels and between letters Mr. M. T. C. could talk to me about popular poets and their poems. She would quote Browning's poem "Reveries" encouraging me to "grow old" which I was rapidly doing with my increasing infirmities.

But it was her formidable chain of her thoughts and words ranged to the stern (if distant) realities of life and death that we had a luncheon of ham and cold beef and milk as she talked on. It was but words, which nothing existed which she did not wish to realize. For her there were no rats on the streets in spite of our terror of them. She never recognized the notion of her girls were men. Her subjects were subjects that other schools of girls were better than hers or that the housekeeper was chief and slow or that replies to most of her letters never appeared. She had constructed her world precisely as she wanted it and she sat within it, kind, contented, and completely sure of herself.

Mrs. Moffat took pleasure in telling people that her youngest teacher was working toward a doctor's degree at the University. She was quite unmerciful, like most of her in her promise to let me study for it. Studying was rare at Mrs. Moffat's, we were always up and down there. I was shopping for Mrs. Moffat's cat on the sick and aged, muzzling a small writing letter, taking something girls to the university or keeping the sleep of the exhausted in the third floor.

Professor Talbot, my teacher of philosophy conducted my time in my room. He asked us to read William James' *The Varieties of Religious Experience* and Ralph Folsom's *The Life of the Spirit*, and I felt both stimulation and a morose feeling to read these in Mrs. Moffat's room. It better is earned by the sudden meeting of two worlds. Mrs. Moffat's School for Girls certainly offered many excellent examples. Mrs. Moffat always knew perfectly what she wanted in this world, the price to be paid, the reward which first and good first made the law perfect. What he expected of the new world, I was able to think that I the new world a better man along the same line as here all her careful persons, but we thing and mean more for whatever I deserve. Mrs. Moffat had been for nothing. She always tried to be taken in women and surprises of any nature were disastrous to her.

Chapter VI

PERLIN AND BLINKENBURG

I

No one but myself knew how badly I was teaching German at Mrs. Moffat's school. Mrs. Moffat was cordial to my plan to leave for Europe three weeks before school closed, so that I might study German for a long summer, and she even offered to hire a substitute for me at her own expense. As long as my savings were going toward further study, my father raised no serious objection, and in the spring of 1913 I took passage on the White Star steamship Teutonic with an adequate five hundred dollars of my own money, which I had secretly decided to spend as recklessly as I liked.

To me the adventure was quite unlike those European trips made today by hundreds of students every June. I had earned the money myself, and the prospect, the process, and the recollection have all the extraordinary vividness of present experience, rather than the dimness of memory. The ship, the names and faces at my table, the interior of my cabin, a sky-

a play by Schiller — Fraulein Franke's Prussian methods knew neither mercy nor patience. "God in Heaven, must I endure this German? I cannot! I will not!" she would scream in German, and at the least of errors rap my knuckles with a curiously heavy yellow pencil.

I began playing a game that I should never be brought to tears before her. As I walked the two miles to her house between ten and eleven, and as I walked home again, I wept during my six weeks in Berlin my eyes were always swollen. But I won my game, for I never wept in her presence either from her screams or from the yellow pencil.

After my lesson at noon it was part of my study to shop from a list in German and to bring the packages and to watch Fraulein Franke open them in my trembling presence. If they pleased her she swept the articles scornfully across the table; if they did not, she screamed at me.

I used to see two English boys who finished their lessons just as I arrived. One day I came to find them falling down the stairs like luggage; they arose and begged me not to go up as she had literally thrown them out without even waiting for the thirty marks they owed her. And at the top of the stairs by the great stove I saw her shaking with mirth, the only time I ever saw her laugh. "The English cannot be disciplined. They will not work. Let them go at once — I do not like them," she said in German.

My New England accent, my "r" sounds infumated

a play by Schiller — Fraulein Franke's Prussian method knew neither mercy nor patience. "God in Heaven, must I endure this German?" I cannot! I will not!" she would stream in German, and at the least of errors rap my knuckles with a curiously heavy yellow pencil.

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After my lesson at noon it was part of my study to pick up from a list in German and to bring the packages and to watch Fraulein Franke open them in my trembling presence. If they pleased her she swept the packages scornfully across the table; if they did not, she scolded me.

I lived to see two English boys who finished their lessons just as I arrived. One day I came to find them falling down the stairs like luggage. They arose and begged me not to go up as they had literally thrown them out without even waiting for the thirty marks they owed her. And at the top of the stairs, by the great stove, I saw her shaking with mirth, the only time I ever saw her laugh. "The English cannot be despised. They will not work. Let them go at once — I do not like them," she said in German.

My New England accent, my "r" sounds infuriated

to me to swallow my cake, and I almost ruined the party by the tears that sprang to my eyes.

Three weeks there revealed another Germany worth remembering. With the gracious Fraulein Elster were Fraulein Sonnemann, who was a tall, handsome teacher of English, and Fraulein Trobrius who managed the house and baked wondrous three-layered cakes. Their laughter, good humor, contentment and hospitality made us a family at once. There was an old man who never appeared except to watch and write about an ant hill at the end of the garden, there were four other students: an American Professor of English, an American girl of seventeen, a young schoolmaster and a middle aged English woman who was even slower at German than I. And all these companions I feel will belong in my life. Each day with them was filled and surrounded by brightness.

We had breakfast at a polished table overlooking the garden, where our German conversation, free of worry, was easy and pleasant, then a half hour lesson for each of us, followed by sausage and beer. By one p.m. there was a substantial lunch and a walk in the nearby black hills.

Fraulein Elster was a fine walker and she managed always to seek out a new place of interest. The view from a little steep summit of the ruins of a robber's stronghold which her lively stories made even more interesting. Then there was coffee at five p.m., with the little cakes made by Fraulein Trobrius.

The enchantment of the evenings was greatest;

there were guests to talk with at supper, almost always men of red faces and rather formal manners who taught in nearby schools. And in the garden we had coffee at a table set with a red and white cloth while Fraulein Elster read to us from a volume of Hans Andersen's tales. "He is a philosopher. He is a wise man. He is no idle teller of tales for children," she would insist in German. Much of his wisdom crept into her voice in the quiet room, and all of his charm.

But Fraulein Elster was most truly herself after the reading when she sat down to the little organ in the parlor and sang hymns and songs with us. Her voice echoed so pleasantly all the sorrow of the world. And she smiled her eyes, looking from one to another of us, as though she were anxious above all else that we should miss nothing of what we sang. "A tree stands in the wood," the song went, it had the greenest of leaves, and a strange and beautiful bird upon its highest branch, there were lovers and a broken heart, and snow so cold, so cold! I have tried in vain to rediscover this song with the deep pleasure and concentrated misery which its simplicity produced.

Everybody at Fraulein Elster's had a birthday celebration there regardless of the actual date. At supper the person honored sat at the head of the table crowned with flowers, we all dressed up and said and sang our birthday wishes, and Fraulein Trubius at the close of supper, triumphant, brought in her cake. It was three tiers of illustration of an Andersen or a

BERLIN AND BLANKENBURG

my story. Then we rose and shouted birthday
greetings and crowned its maker with flowers.
When I came away from this corner of the earth
here all things were good and wholesome, where
joy and sadness met, where people were born
again in spirit. Fraulein Elter presented me with a
picture of her home upon the back of which she had
written

"Only fond remembrances go with you and friend-
ship I nevermore from one land to another."

twenty-second I had journeyed across brown sun-baked country with scattered mountains upon it. The great barren land showed patches of acres and acres of harvested ground, so wide that the houses and barns looked tiny, and rolling brown foothills with innumerable herds of cattle. Then, out of the warm summer sunlight, we came suddenly and with something of terror into gray obscurity and driving snow at Bozeman.

2

I always felt both awe and comfort on seeing the great mountains on every side of this valley town. In 1914 there were about seven thousand people there, and in the open countryside the cattle roamed with out owners visible anywhere. There were still great tracts of free land to tempt people to come settle on it. Not automobiles but horses and wagons brought in the ranchers through clouds of summer dust to do their trading, and cowboys, with their uproar on Saturday night, were common enough in the town.

Sometimes for a month at a time these mountains above the fertile valley of the Gallatin River had numberless days of high, clear sunshine, and nights of numberless stars. It would never rain again, I thought. Then suddenly a warm wind blew from the Pacific over the mountain ranges to the west, and brought long streamers of rain.

Winter cold, sharp, dry, descended from the mountains, twenty degrees and more below zero, and

I would see yellow trees and brilliant red bushes on the hills, and try to discover the source of shadows that moved across a mountain when there was never a cloud in the sky

Evenings were short, but at night I slept out of doors in the corral on an army bed Under the warm blankets in the cold air, silence did not just surround the earth, it enfolded and enveloped it, it came down steadily from the mountains above and became one with sleep The sky with its stars seemed timed by one common pulse, and as I lay still I could feel the roll of the world eastward and watch my steady progress through the stars

4

Here in Montana for the first time in my life people began to have relatively little importance in my existence By illness I was set apart from them and from their activities, yet I felt not deprived but rather freed My long days were mine as never before, and I set about enjoying them to the full

I read for long uninterrupted hours, sometimes even in a cold room with open windows I kept on with my German, renewed my Latin and Greek, read poetry, drama, philosophy and fiction, and in those long quiet days sought meaning, vision and wisdom more than incident, situation and sentiment Intoxicated with books and thoughts, I could take a week of Thomas Hardy, a week of William Shakespeare, a week of Walter Pater to be excited by the music of

Hardly perceptible after a month in Montana, by November my strength came hurrying back like racing waters beneath a full spring moon. In holding my back, in my daily walks, in comfort and security at night I could feel it. By spring I wanted to run, leap and sing for joy, but my doctor said only that I might ride if I wished. For ten dollars a month I procured the companionship and labor of a little Indian horse called Smash Thin, peaceable, and quite unremarkable for speed, he was just right to carry me over the mountain trails.

Mountain flowers were a source of delight. Forget me nots by the stream, lupines and columbines, and the Indian painted brush, half flame, half leather. The hot June sun showed miles of silver gray sagebrush and sharp outlines of the mountains in the bright distance as though one could sit on top of them and watch the sky. I spent the summer months in a mountain camp. Cold Spring on the West Gallatin River and miles from anywhere. I made friends with miners and cattle men, their faces filled with weather, their hands marked by work.

In my cabin with the sound of swift water always in my ears, I read the writings of Lamb, Hazlitt and De Quincey. I memorized certain sentences for their words and rhythm and said them over to myself on my walks or after I had gone to bed at night. Prose meant more to me than poetry, I realized, I found

In 1911 I discovered Dante in Montanari, and the other poets of the seventeenth century, and the discovery of Plato, these books became mine forever. I had the very much of undistracted time.

Great novels "The Brothers Karamazov," "Anna Karenina," "The Way of All Flesh" and others helped me to understand the poet Yeats who said "We begin to live when we have conceived life as a tragedy," not a dark thought but rather as a bright one, touched with sadness, filled with pity and understanding of the world with wisdom.

On a long table I traced a map of Europe, and as the hours passed I moved the forces as the War of 1914-18 unfolded. Then late in autumn, I had a letter from Jerusalem later begging me to be as kind as possible toward accusations against her country; but I did not ever come to me from Jerusalem I wrote.

In the winter of 1915 I wanted to write a novel, but even at the age of twenty-eight I felt quite immature, and I began spending two hours a day on a story of a girl of about fourteen. And in April I received a check for one hundred and fifty dollars from a Boston publisher. There was no one I knew on the street whom I might electify with my good things. I could only send a telegram to my mother and then consume great quantities of ice cream all by myself in an ugly restaurant.

Irving School was provided richly by its principal, Leora Hapner, one of the best teachers I have ever known and a genius at school management. She was five foot six tall and thin with an olive skin and striking dark gray eyes she looked and was bristly, just, kind, energetic and resourceful. She knew her three hundred children and could use a leather strap across the knees of poorly behaved boys who liked her well as she was doing it. Despite my inexperience, my ignorance of these western children, and my nervous illness, she made me feel that I was exactly where I belonged and she at once drove out my prejudice against teaching in a public school.

Friendliness started in the principal's office and spread throughout the school. My associates, most of them native westerners more of them better able to teach in this environment than I were both amused and helpful toward me.

Montana standards of handwriting required that all teachers satisfy the ideals of Messrs. Palmer and Company of Chicago and until I could write according to the Palmer method my monthly salary of

it exciting and satisfying when ordinary words assumed distinction and meaning without set forms or meter and rhyme. Sound and color, height and depth in words fascinated me and I tried to imitate the effects gained by these great writers.

My attempts proved to me that though the time was years away it was in the study and teaching of English prose that I wanted to spend my days. The graduate study I needed would take money, and all I had earned on my book and much more I had borrowed had been spent for eggs and milk already eaten. I must teach again I knew.

The English writers had added to my new health and strength both by their words and sentences and by the vision of my future. I knew the truth of Socrates' advice that headaches are cured easily by the cure of the soul and that the soul is cured by the charm of fair words.

6

For at least another year I was required to stay in Montana, and when I returned to Bozeman for my second August it was to seek out the superintendent of public schools. Mr. Cunningham, doubtful of my fitness for public school teaching, he hired me nevertheless when one of his teachers of English unexpectedly resigned. With little grace of spirit I prepared to teach in the seventh and eighth grades of a public school.

Whatever grace I lacked on my first day at the

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Montana standards of handwriting required that all teachers strictly the ideals of Messrs Palmer and Company of Chicago, and until I could write according to the Palmer method, my monthly salary of eighty dollars was reduced by five. I resented the salary deduction and secretly despised the writing method, but try as I would I could not master their best set time in perfect form.

"I am pining for a pin to use in pinning."

The Irving School teachers took turns in helping me duly to write it as they had learned to do, but in my year and a half I never could satisfy the Palmers, so

A GOODLY FOLLOWING
whom I sent my efforts each week, and my s.
.. .. . venty-five dollars.

7.

y or fifty pupils marched on in ti
hedules from eight-thirty until fo
tool I taught six classes a day in
e of a study room of sixty boys an
n to sixteen years of age, most c
hool none too graciously. This wa
first settlers had come only fifty
gold had been discovered, and
undesirables among them. The
s who followed them were of bet-
ters still remembered the lawless
ten too were energetic and rest-
rage, they knew horses, cattle
nd rifles. They were fearless and
the earth six thousand feet up

ty were nothing to them;
only if it had sufficient punch
e which they desired was the
pirates which I told them as
vior. Few of them had ever

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ges. Some were the children
sions. But it was the ordi-
my teaching ad-

helped me respect the life outside of books for physical resourcefulness and vitality, for courage and rough humor, and good health. What they lacked in tradition they possessed in unconscious love of life and the basic kindness of people in a wide, new land. To my graduate studies I brought from them a sense of those virtues and values which in the early ages of the world, when other lands were new, marked out gods and heroes and made them immortal in art and song.

6

A year and a term at the Irving School increased my strength and activity. I rode hundreds of miles through Montana and Wyoming, learned mountain camping, the use of a rifle, a great deal about birds and flowers, and much about weather. The reading of the year before was still warm within me, and in odd hours during two years I wrote another book no more distinguished than my first.

In December of my last year I taught history and English at the Gallatin County High School, where the students, usually the same, were more advanced. Several of them I visited on their ranches. Then, in the spring of 1917, I left Bozeman to take graduate study at the University of Minnesota in the autumn. Some of my former associates were there to law, with me about "firing for puns."

to each week, and my salary
is dollars.

7.

My pupils marched on in time
from eight-thirty until four
I taught six classes a day and
study room of sixty boys and
sixteen years of age, most of
none too graciously. This was
settlers had come only fifty
d had been discovered, and
extrables among them. The
ho followed them were of bet-
s still remembered the lawless
too were energetic and rest-
ge, they knew horses, cattle
rises. They were fearless and
re earth six thousand feet up

y were nothing to them;
nly if it had sufficient punch
which they desired was the
irates which I told them as
vor. Few of them had ever

its and some in other rooms,
-ges. Some were the children
essions. But it was the ordi-
- my teaching adventurous,

in the graduate school I could never have managed without the American Sunday school to which I give my grateful thanks.

2

Too many scholars in the realms of English literature seem to their students strangely damaged by their subject. Too often learning is clothed in dullness and the most learned teachers are often the most dull. The rare teacher, who manages to put personality into his lectures, who in the minds of his students will be remembered for what he was rather than for what he taught is too often looked upon with suspicion by his associates in the graduate school. Faithfulness and interest are counted as shallowness and acting. The power of awakening the imagination, of exciting one's students to know more and more, of communicating the magic under which one has lived and studied this makes great teaching. And this is too often sadly lacking in those who train graduate students for college teaching.

It is surely true that vision without knowledge is unstable and unwise but it is just as surely true that knowledge without vision is barren and useless. Unless a scholar has both in his study, and in his teaching some sense of adventure, some light to cast upon untravelled worlds of the mind and the spirit, in study and his teaching are dead forevermore. It is small wonder that splendid college teachers are hard to find. Too many of them become so thirsty

Chapter VIII
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

I

University was in a mountain climate, permit me to take graduate studies. Not a word was in high favor with him, me its university was second to that I could put aside my money for a graduate fellowship; and Graduate Study at the University me free tuition and a scholarship of fifty dollars a year for college studies for eight years, I had would never have entertained the project. But I contented notion that what I lacked in writing, and, as it happened, did do.

Monthly magazines, I began write for papers of many other I had arranged for a year a week. My first year

in the graduate school I could never have managed without the American Sunday school to which I give my grateful thanks

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for mere knowledge that they are unable through the rest of their days to free themselves.

3

I studied at the Graduate of Minnesota I had no un-, none damaged by their now as I knew then, that country has ever gathered field of English, a more and teachers

master's degree in English
 • four years instead of two
 • We had entered World
 was far along many young
 ractors were entering the
 ted a part time instructor-
 mm of 1918 I began full-
 ctor and carried half the
 brate student at the same

full time graduate study
 ut of work is likely to be

I have always been glad
 made me accept an in-
 he hours a week, to read
 and as it was made my
 re exciting To have to
 pursuit in life only makes
 And I was learning as I

to get, both learning and teaching contributing one to the other.

No college student today who unwisely enters graduate school immediately after the bachelor's degree can possibly enjoy and profit by advanced study as I did in my five years at the University of Minnesota. My study was the fulfillment of years of desire. I had a view of it gained alike from seven years of teaching and from one of illness. Even my very academic unfitness for it made it all the more entrancing when it came at last. My teachers seemed to me - and indeed were, the best that I could have found and I studied under their direction in a glow of excitement.

I studied Shakespeare under Elmer Edgar Stoll, one of the most original of Shakespearean scholars. As his assistant I read papers for him, and thus I knew him as a charming man as well. His teaching was sound and thorough but it was also filled with personal excitement and enthusiasm. He could make Shakespeare's Hamlet far more fascinating than a detective story, the women in the comedies far more charming than women elsewhere. In this matter, he had proved the soundness of his judgment in his wise selection of a wife - and he held, sanely enough, that certain perils lay for young women in too much learning. I always felt that by looking my best in his presence I was doing a service to all of our sex engaged in the costly pursuit of a doctor's degree.

Oscar Luhrs taught the history of the drama, I

church on Easter Sunday we listened to the worst of sermons together. He pointed to an old lady who kept holding up an ear trumpet and whispered "Incredible! Can you imagine why anybody should listen to this stuff who doesn't have to?"

Cecil Moore, a Southerner, came to Minnesota from Harvard University to teach the novel of the eighteenth century. Like my father, a fact to him flowed with life everlasting, he required us to remember detailed incidents and conversations, and he had us willingly read our novels at dawn and late at night. His uproarious laughter enlivened "Tom Jones" and inspired me even years later at Smith College to teach with appreciation about all the many characters of fiction whom he had made immortal.

My teacher in the nineteenth century novel, Joseph Warren Beach, directed my doctoral work on Thomas Hardy. He had written the best book on Hardy, that greatest of novels is, and a study of Henry James, as well as books on the novel and poetry. Activity, mental and physical, marked this tall man, he would run in the University halls as though he had just lost sight of something and must regain it at all costs, he would tear pieces of paper break chalk into bits, or run his fingers madly through his yellow hair as he lectured. Ideas would strike him, make him jump in his chair, or wave his hands as a new idea drove upon the day before he had quite completed a statement.

I worked in medieval literature with Carlton

him, when I first saw him in a hall reading the plays of *Shakespeare*, near sighted man in thick spectacles, he recognized anyone nearly as well as I doing so. He seemingly had a pleasant lack of them. He was a lecturer, and his finished niceties of expression that he used in word or phrase. His English was elegant in his writing, as his handwriting reveals.

He thought, on Greek tragedy, and used the small platform of the stage, and bent back the third joint of the third finger of his left hand in actual torment hours.

His Anglo-Saxon was Frederick Schlegel, who brought color and vigor to his language. But he had no sense of proportion. He protested about a Greek letter, he said only "it is a letter, they are nothing." With such force of spirit that the course was called. He should not master enough to read a learned article in a foreign language. He was always making assignments in unknown languages. We were friends. Once at

care for the same case, and yet showed such command of French

When I hear graduate students today, even in better known graduate schools, denounce and deplore the teaching given to them, I still think how fortunate I was. For at Minnesota the value of the subject never excused the teacher for dullness. Perhaps, indeed, the weakness of many graduate schools today lies as much in the graduate students as in the teachers. For seemingly anyone possessing a bachelor's degree from any miserable institution in the country can storm the walls of most graduate schools if he has but the desire and sufficient money.

Our few odd fishes at Minnesota only lent humor to our days. There was one bald man who came to do his research on the influence of women's hair upon literature. His twin baby boys, both bald, gazed at each other blue-eyed in their baby cradle and as a huge pile of their father's books, for when the father came to the seminar, his wife and even a companioned him as far as the entrance.

On the fourteenth day of May 1922, I faced the examination for my doctor's degree. I do not remember caring any longer of pride or wonder in my tenured examination. By rubbing one ankle against the other in my extreme nervousness I completely destroyed a new pair of silk stockings. I also tore a new pair of shoes into bits. I ruined a new suit by working at a button until I had torn a hole in its jacket. When I ended the examination I realized suddenly

came from the same place, and yet showed such command of French.

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Our few odd fishes at Minnesota only lent humor to our day. There was one bald man who came to do his research on the influence of women's hair upon literature. His twin baby boys, both bald, stared at each other blue-eyed in their baby carriage, atop a huge pile of their father's books, for when the father came to the seminar, his wife and sons accompanied him as far as the entrance.

On the fourteenth day of May, 1922, I faced the examination for my doctor's degree. I do not remember a trace in me of pride or wonder in my ten kinds of nerves. By rubbing one ankle against the other in extreme nervousness I completely destroyed all my hands. I felt as if I were in a burning furnace. But when I left the examination I realized suddenly

in table manners. In a year, his personality showed the gentleman that he had before been in mind. He began to lead in college activities, graduated with honors, took a doctorate, and is now a professor of mathematics in one of our best colleges.

In the great state universities many students come from sturdy but limited backgrounds, one was constantly seeing seniors who bore no resemblance to themselves as freshmen. The swift development of these fine boys and girls, so many of them remarkable in character and person, gives the teacher a social responsibility, an exciting connection between teaching and life.

In 1923 a craze for writing short stories was sweeping the country. Partly because the work interested me now that my doctor's degree was out of the way partly for extra money, I taught a night class once a week in the University Extension Division on the technique of the short story. Every member of my class wrote a short story every two weeks, some wrote one weekly. I read short stories on streetcars and buses at my meals and in bed at night. I have never read more stories published or unpublished, than many of those written presumably under my direction.

But the eagerness of my students kept me entertained and unwearied. Most of my would be writers passionately hoped to sell their stories, and they felt that I possessed some sort of secret which I could reveal if I only would. I was not only amused, but

Chapter 1A

THE COLLEGE OF ST CATHERINE

1

Sister Lioba, of the Order of St Joseph of Carondelet, snatched time from her religious duties and from her teaching in the College of St Catherine to take the seminar on the eighteenth century novel toward a master's degree. Her black dress and veil, her white head bands, her way of life so different from ours, were not as outstanding as her natural leadership in this course. The richness of her mind and nature she shared with others, and soon she was chief among my many friends who were nuns in nearby religious communities.

In 1921 Sister Lioba began taking me to St. Catherine's for week ends of study and wonderful conversation. On our first visit, a snowy winter's day, we sat in the streetcar together and a little girl stared at Sister Lioba's black dress, her white-face-bands, and her black veil.

"Is that a witch?" she asked her mother in a high shrill voice.

THE COLLEGE OF ST CATHERINE

tion, she heard the voice of God say to her:

"Murmur not, Teresa. This is the way I treat my friends."

"Small wonder, Lord," said the saint quickly, "that you have so few."

Such a simple, direct relationship to God was Sister Antonia's. After all, one must surely be on the best of terms with God to indulge in humor at His expense!

3

St Catherine's in 1921 was three pleasant buildings on a hill above the Mississippi River with a plan for a chapel facing toward the west.

Sister Antonia unplanned good teaching, good music and an excellent library at St Catherine's. The nuns who taught psychology and music had studied in France and Germany, two who with Sister Lucia taught English took honors degrees at Oxford University. The college had about two hundred students then, and a boarding and day school for high school work. Now it has about eight hundred girls, many of whom go on to Minnesota or Chicago Universities for advanced degrees.

In autumn of 1923 Sister Antonia asked me to teach advanced composition for three hours weekly to junior and senior college girls there. One in this class, Sister Maris Stella, has written poems now widely read, and another, Sister Antonine, is now head of St Catherine and teacher of English.

which meekness replaces joy and laughter. I have since read more about the saints, and they and St Catherine's College have changed this concept, and have added immeasurably to my enjoyment of life.

I liked the peace of the chapel, the quiet of the garden, the friendliness and fun of the nuns, the good manners of the students. I liked the ignoring of a hundred trifles. For St Catherine's believed with Thoreau that one is rich in proportion to the number of things which one can afford to let alone. I liked the long talks with Sister Lioba about books, of which she knew more than I. I liked our occasional mad games of tennis in which nuns in heavy clothes could beat me in a light cotton dress. I liked the single mindedness at St Catherine's, the sense that religion was not something to be seized upon in untidy moments, but natural like one's hands and feet, and waiting only to be discovered.

6

There were other friends in religious schools and colleges. Mother Seraphine, more than eighty years old, was a great reader and liked some of my writings. She would poke me and burst into a storm of laughter as my grandmother's friends had liked to do with each other. Both she and they had peacefulness and breadth of vision, gained by different means, but from one and the same Source.

I went back to St Catherine's a few months ago, and saw the flowers in bloom beneath the twelve trees

The gifts that St Catherine's brought to me were manifold. I lived there for several summers, and taught a summer session there in 1927, and enjoyed the security of those high gates for many years.

To make me feel at home, services like caring for a roomer's altar in the chapel were allowed me, and I could visit the chief gardener, Sister Alice Irene. She was a tall dark eyed nun, who taught mathematics, and she found an eternal mathematics of God in the shapes and the lines of the many flowers, and the shapes and the lines of the trees at various hours of the day. If a spiral begins at zero and ends in infinity, the spiral is cast by the trees at various hours of the day. If a spiral begins at zero and ends in infinity, the spiral is cast by the trees at various hours of the day. If a spiral begins at zero and ends in infinity, the spiral is cast by the trees at various hours of the day.

The kitchen Sisters, four large women of great good humor, pressed the Lord with pots and pans and good food. I would watch them beat, stir and bake in the huge kitchen under the chapel, their religious dresses protected by grey aprons, and I realized as I talked to them how their religious life had stripped away the necessity of daily bread.

My New England Protestant training had made me feel vaguely, as many do, that a nun's life is odd and cowardly, a flight from the normal world, in

Chapter X

MY EXPERIENCE AS A LECTURER

I

A large section of the American public is eager to listen to someone. It is more willing to be talked to than any other people under the sun. It wants a lecturer, who is something like a teacher with a little preaching and a bit of acting often added. Perhaps it desires self improvement, or has extra energy. But whatever its motive, it offers to the lecturer, as I soon learned, pleasure in life and humorous experience of much greater value than the modest sums of payment for which I began public lecturing.

At first I had the good companionship of Miss Nicholson, then an instructor in English at the University of Minnesota but now at Smith College. Requests came from women's clubs in the nearby cities for lectures at ten dollars each. One day, I remember, one group wished enlightenment on the Bible and another, meeting at the same time, on Dante. Miss Nicholson and I tossed a coin, the Bible falling to me and Dante to her. Then we left

we called the Twelve Apostles. Sister Alice Irene is now Mother Superior of St. Margaret's Academy, but Mother Antonia still lends strength and wisdom to the college. Silence and the quick alert sound of many footsteps upon the Lord's business recalled St. Clement's to me, like the footsteps upon the mountain in the book of Isaiah bringing good tidings and peace.

A few weeks after my visit Sister Ijoba died. Once she had told me that she hoped in the next world to meet them, but Henry Fielding to thank him for his book, and Andrew and Tom Jones. I trust, for her that they have met.

me of his audience before the lecture. Another once knew the town into confusion by insisting that the humming of a community clock be stopped during her speech.

On a lecture tour, rewards are more frequent than the parents of which lecturers complain. I enjoy the unfamiliar towns and cities where the friendliness of human beings is memorable. A waterfall in Utah, oil fields in Oklahoma inspected under the guidance of the most humorous of women, a chapel in the University of Pittsburgh viewed with a young man whose knowledge of stained glass instructed me surely these are all extra rewards for a lecturer.

I continue to give lectures simply because I like to do so. 'The unknown is always fascinating,' writes Tacitus. I travel a dry couch, parker car or compartment is always new to me. I like settling my belongings, putting my hat in a paper bag, sipping a cold drink in the club car before bedtime, arranging my pillows to read at night. I like the fact that I am alone, that interest, concern, disapproval, enmity, even affection are somewhere far behind me, that I am enclosed in my own small space which can free my mind of anything else.

As I read on trains people in the local newspapers and people in fiction come to life for me. I rarely converse though I may enjoy the conversation of others. A porter humming religious tunes as he worked learned that I was on a long lecture tour, and

might offer relief I have rarely felt so cruel as when I told her they had been made in London

"In London, dear?" he said "Imagine that Well, I suppose I must get on with my pain"

3

Of all the forty-eight states in the United States, and I have been in practically all of them, I think I have enjoyed Ohio most So many people in Ohio have been friendly to me and I know so many kind towns and cities set upon its flat plains or among its gentle hills Perhaps, also, it has more of New England than any other Middle Western state

Unlike other states Ohio has offered me many delicious foods, and not the traditional chicken cakes and vanilla ice-cream covered with chocolate sauce, in which all lecturers must become accustomed Springfield, Ohio has an unforgettable art colony of cooks So many rare meals and recipes have I recalled, that Springfield has been a proverb in my house

There was great good fun in Springfield, too My audience there took neither itself nor me too seriously a state of mind which all lecturers hope for and too seldom find

4

I think the greatest gift which my going across the country has given me is the sudden enchantment of unfamiliar scenes from train windows

asked me if I spoke about the Lord in my lectures. I told him that I feared I did not, that I spoke only about books.

Well, said he, I don't quite see my aim, how you can miss talking about the Lord. He wrote the Holy Bible book.

How so? I am as excited as I appreciate a destination, especially a new one. There is wonder about the man or woman who will meet me about the room waiting for me about the unknown persons whom I shall meet. I am going to be perhaps a permanent memory. I had a vision which are towns upon a map of the United States. I am gleaming with light for me. There was a city in Texas where I was to come to see me. Quite suddenly I told me that he was dead and that death was a great blessing to her. Once a specialist had told me a wonderful mechanism and for twelve hours I had heard everything—the gossip of her friends, the exciting lecture, the talk of a tea party, the story of her life over the radio and many opinions of the world upon many subjects. She said it was the worst time of her life. At night she returned the next day to the specialist and since then has been in complete security and contentment.

Here I was in town in Indiana where I walked on a dusty street and a small very old woman followed me. She followed me for two blocks. She told me because of my strong shoes. She suffered constant pain in her own feet and she asked me where I had gotten my shoes, perhaps such shoes, she thought,

marsh grasses and knew suddenly that, for some unaccountable reason, it was the saddest and most lonely act of Nature

"There is nothing in the whole world which lasts," writes Ovid But it is not so, I say rather with Virgil, "I shall take pleasure in remembering these things hereafter "

It is for these that I pack my suit-cases, endure tired feet eat too generously of fried chicken cakes, and return home dirty and tired For I am among those who glory in a country which from ocean to ocean, holds within itself so many sure and certain glimpses of eternal life

"Well, about the things they do think about, and the things they read."

"What things do they read?"

"Oh, poetry and novels."

"Can't they read those things by themselves?"

"Well I try to show them what poetry and prose mean not just what they say in so many words."

"You mean you read things like Shakespeare and Dickens in your classes?"

"Yes and many other things too."

"It can't be so hard just to read things and talk about them as to teach say Latin or arithmetic, is it?"

"Yes I think it is a great deal harder."

"Well maybe. But it doesn't seem to me. Do you like teaching English?"

"Yes I like it better than anything else in the world."

After this I wonder if the teaching of English is as vague as my own answer to her question. I feel sure only that it is the hardest teaching in the world to do, and that it is more fun to do than anything else in the world.

2

I like more tidy subjects. English begins nowhere, and ends nowhere. It is a language but it lacks the charm of an ancient or the strangeness of a foreign tongue. It is an art but dulled by the necessary and the commonplace. It is the servant of other subjects,

Chapter XI
THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

1

"Do you do when you teach English?"
"You teach your students to read,"
"demanded when she had come to
vacation
"teach them to write as well as

read to write?
"I can think in good English."
"I can't."
"I also try to teach them to write
in something."
"I teach them to be writers."
"I try to teach them to be writers. But I try to
teach them to think."
"I have to be taught to say
what I think."
"I have to be taught to think
what I say."

3

The best of us teachers of English have come into the profession because we have been unable to keep out of it. We fell in love with books early in life, with their words, music, people, events, meanings, and to attempt to convey to others our own passion has been the simplest means of continuing therein ourselves. Most college professors, mad about some speciality, Chaucer or Shakespeare or the Seventeenth Century, prefer advanced students who come to them after their freshman year. And younger teachers also, who take freshman classes, forget that quickness and humor count far more in teaching than knowledge.

But I like teaching freshmen even now. To many of them the use of words is an exercise quite often unconnected with thought. It is fun to snap them out of bad thinking or to bring them up sharply from not thinking at all. But their ears alone are the most dangerous of enemies. In the flood of words they are not conscious that the words must march with the thoughts, that sentences must march with thoughts in a logical procession.

All writing and mere to note comes by the grace of God. But straight thinking can be taught by patience, energy and humor. The careful rather than the hilly use of words seems to me the chief reason for continuing English composition in our colleges.

At least half the freshmen read badly, too. An unwise lover them wandering because the personality

not their mistress, because other subjects cannot be worked without it.

Our objectives are as vague as our methods, because we depend upon the imaginations of our students. The meaning and value of any piece of literature are rarely the same to any two persons; the arrangement of words in a sentence may mean everything, something or nothing, according to the humor, understanding and vision of the reader. Only when the student that he is a variable means to a variable end can the teacher of English gain his variable reward.

We deal with the most personal and fortified of possessions, with thoughts and feelings, suggestions and impressions. Our delight lies in the activity of awakening minds to any end at all. For we deal not with ends but with means. If Karl Marx dictates the expression of opinion of our students, we keep our books; if James Joyce rather than Wordsworth is the bread of life to other students, we welcome this nourishment, even though it may be to us, if someone rebukes Peter's style, we turn to Hemingway. We learn that we can be firm toward our own loyalties and yet not firm toward others. Our one aim is to perfect the powers of thinking and feeling. The only method we have is to open every possible avenue to thought, emotion, and expression and to keep ourselves able while we are doing so.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

likable and exciting. Then we can cast away the methods of the teachers' colleges as so much useless baggage for we are vastly better off without them.

4

Like all teachers of English I communicate my own enthusiasms in literature. The Greek plays I read with my freshmen need no apology. They have delighted and nourished me, and for most of my freshmen they have opened new doors. When a student discovers that the poet Homer in the 'Odyssey' and the novelist Willa Cather in 'My Antonia' have ideas in common, the old and the new are suddenly brought together.

For my freshmen as for my older college students, the mere pleasurable excitement in a work of literature is not enough. I want to show the many ways by which this pleasurable excitement is caused, and how the work is made more beautiful by the reader's intelligence. The artist's mind creates an abundance beyond his own: the reader becomes an artist with the writer.

Analysis of a book may be annoying to students who want to keep their vague likes and dislikes. But not only is the whole seen in all its truth, but the parts take on each its own value. Sentences, images, figures, characters, the situation, the line, the thought, each exists for itself, and brings forth numberless suggestions from the reader's own experience. By analysis, novels turn mere events into ideas, poems change

of single words means little to them. Tests and methods for improving reading are popular today; yet my own remedy has not been without effect. I like my students to see a word in light and color, whether it is clear and shining, heavy and dark, black or white or yellow. Once single words are grasped in their appearance, in the sounds, meanings, suggestions and associations which they hold, the power to read more skillfully in prose comes as though by magic.

There is drama, and not mere work, in punctuation. I like to awaken students to the liveliness of a comma, the dignity and silence of a semi-colon, the suspense of a question mark, the danger in an exclamation point.

The teaching of English with its figures of speech, has suffered before the ignorance of teachers and the indifference of students in the last thirty years. But the imagination which prompts figures of speech as they arise from the background, nature and experience, makes them a source of delight to my classes.

Terms and text books have relaxed their hold and may be questioned. The teacher of English becomes not so much the taskmaster as the companion of his students. What we want is to stimulate the love of personal adventure and of constructive doubt, to create emotional satisfaction in the things of the mind, to reveal through books the variety and the wonder of human experience.

How we do these things matters not at all. It matters that we be awake and alive, alert and eager,

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

likable and exciting. Then we can cast away the methods of the teachers' colleges as so much useless baggage, for we are vastly better off without them.

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Chapter XII

SMITH COLLEGE

I.

Since that glowing day when I had set forth through the tumbling Massachusetts hills to seek my fortune in the Middle West I had always felt at home as I passed through that part of New England. I had been ill at ease in cities. I wanted to spend the rest of my life as a teacher in the country, and especially among the high orchards, the streams and the hills of Western Massachusetts.

Unlike the University of Minnesota, a woman's college would not hesitate to advance a woman to an *associate professorship*, or even to a full professorship. And of all the women's colleges, Smith College in Massachusetts was without doubt the most attractive to me.

I had known for years of its President Neilson, read his books, heard him lecture in Minnesota, knew of the respect and admiration in which he was held by members of his faculty and by so many of his students. Some of my professors, including Cecil

SMITH COLLEGE

over the wide fields delight the eye, and in the summer heat the heavy smell of both onions and tobacco makes one's nose tingle with the perfume of the soil.

Certain places have a curious power to make one feel at home. When I arrived here, the blue September mist over the fragrant valley, the wide, clear river, color in the hills, birds gathering in the trees, and last, a small red pail left by some child in the garden of the house where I was to live—these made me oddly sure that I had reached home.

Settled in 1634 by Puritan families, the town of Northampton has a dignity that contributes to the life of the college. My friendships in the town are a strong reason for my wanting to remain in the small new house on the South campus.

As for the college itself it does not assume that the mind and capacities of women are inferior to those of men. Its ideal is to educate the entire personality of the student. Intellectual training is foremost but character and artistic development, health and intelligent recreation, social interests and obligations, knowledge of contemporary affairs, respect for the world in both of the past and the present are serious concerns. It seeks to enlighten communities by enlightening its students and to raise standards of American living in each generation. Yet there is less talking about aims and more accomplishing of them here than at many other colleges.

The two hundred men and women who are the faculty of Smith, of many countries, personalities,

him know him as a great teacher. To be only mildly warm in thinking and in teaching has been to him an insult to the profession. To be dishonest with oneself or one's student, to confuse values, to waste advancement at the expense of one's fellows, to harbor resentments or to be indignant over imagined slights, to lack sympathy openly with slow or uncongenial students, to waste time in useless pursuits, to see the particular rather than the universal, to lack respect for past wisdom or to look with alarm upon present ideas because they are new, to fail in the understanding of human emotions or to be insensible to human tragedy, to be unable to laugh over matters which time will prove trivial—all these are attitudes of mind which to him meant not so much scorn as regret.

He has been impatient with those of us who let our teaching alone exhaust our days. He has helped us find time for the scholarship, research, articles, and books which make teaching more lively and productive. At his office or at his home he has helped us by his ready understanding of our personal and ethical problems—an unpopular and puzzled teacher, a father with a problem child, a man with a misfit as a wife, two in conflict, those who can find no light for themselves. For twenty-two years we have dumped such burdens upon him to recieve his understanding and often that of his charming and lovely wife, whose quiet, humorous hold on life has given strength and reality to us all.

I think it is safe to say that no other college pre-
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men. But his closing words observed that "neither the citizens of Northampton nor the members of the college care to have their drinking water flavored with Smith or Yale, Amherst, Harvard, or Williams."

He and Mrs. Nelson have often opened their home to students and have encouraged a community rich in companionship. I like teaching freshmen, but I once complained to him that their friendly invitations to tea or dinner left me no time for other activities. Could I be freed, I asked, for one year from Freshman English?

His smile prepared the refusal. "I could let you off from teaching. I suppose, or from reading your papers. But to go to tea and dinner with freshmen happens to be the most important thing you're doing around this place. Remember that a teacher who isn't asked to tea and dinner probably isn't worth her salt, and don't come asking again to be let off from what is your most important job in this college."

Yet often and emphatically he has urged the value and practice of solitude. The person who can afford to be alone with himself often and long acquires a quality of personal dignity which is lost in any other kind of life. The self-possession, self-restraint, patience, which come only through the practice of solitude—these are essential for gaining a philosophy and a religion, for living in a world which is not a changing mass of unrelated events but a significant, ordered universe."

change the old things that our dead leader and fore-
fathers loved, living still and more beautiful because
of our desire."

GLOSSARY

- Mother's Day** a special day honoring mothers
- Northern Lights** a blaze of light often seen in the sky in the north also called *Aurora Borealis*
- "The other half"** in this case an expression for the poor which suggests that the speaker does not complain of his own fortunes
- Paper mache** paper crushed to a mass
- Peer group** want wanting
- Proctore teaching** a standard course in any teachers' course—in teach a class for a term under close supervision
- Razor rap** a leather strap to sharpen razors but by tradition a threat to punish bad children
- Revival meetings** religious meetings to revive beliefs of persons who have lost faith
- Seminar** a selected educational group usually of graduate students
- Suspect** one who is suspected of learning to deceive or offers false wisdom
- State Board** in the United States education is the responsibility of each State and usually under a State Board or Committee of Education
- "School of the first or natural selection"** is the product of a process endures unchanged or dangerous condition of life
- Whip held by rope** for extra tricks
ought without no foul and discharge
liberally and anxiously given
that is giving valuable service
- Women's Christian Association** a religious organization for girls and women

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- Razor strap** a leather strap to sharpen razors, but by tradition a threat to punish bad children
- Revival meetings** religious meetings to revive beliefs of persons who have lost faith
- Senior** a student in the senior group usually of graduate students
- Softly and gently** usually meaning to defend or offend
- Secular education** non-religious education is the responsibility of the State and usually under a State Board of Education or of Education
- Survival of the fittest** natural selection is the process of survival of the fittest or the strongest or the most adapted or the most useful or the most successful
- Tragic** usually referring to the circus tricks
- Whispering** usually referring to the noise made by the wheels of a car and discharge, usually referring to the noise made by the wheels of a car and discharge
- With her salt** that is giving valuable service
- YWCA** Young Women's Christian Association an international service organization for girls and women

